One column, three months

Half column, six months,

Half column one year,

Vol. 15, No. 6.

RAVENNA, O., THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 21, 1882.

WHOLE No. 734.

PORTAGE CO. OFFICIAL REGISTER. GEO. E. FAIRCHILD,

Common Pleas Judge-George F. Arrol. Toungstown; W. T. Spear,
Warren, Ohio.
Representative in Legislature—E. S. Woodworth, Windham, Ohio.
Prabate Judge—Cornellus A. Reed, Ravenna, O.
County Clerk—John Porter, Ravenna.
County Treasurer—Nathan H. Smith, Ravenna.
Ravif — William Wilcox, Ravenna.
Recorder—Philo Biorce, Ravenna. ig - William Wilcox, Ravenna.
inder - Philo Bierce, Ravenna.
incuting Attorney - Joseph D. Horton, Bay'a.
incut

mary Directors—Amzi Wilmot, Mantus, O.; Charles R. Doolittle, Streetsboro, O.; F. W. Coffin, Ravenna, O.

County Surveyer—Jedediah Gole, Garretsville, Coroner—Alfred H. Barlow, Rootstown, O. School Examiners—O. F. Haymaker, Earlville; D. D. Pickett, Ravenna; John Meharg, Ravenna. Mayors of Incorporated Villages.

Farretteville James Norton. Vent O. S. Hockwell. Invenna—E. P. Hatfield. Justices of the Peace. Aiwater—Sylvester A. Hinman, H. H. Woolf.
Awerea—John L. Thompson, R. P. Cannon,
Brimfeld—J. L. Carrier, C. H. Chapman.
Charlestown—Austin P. Curtiss, William Fox,
Deerfield—C. S. Tibbals, J. H. Hoffman.
Edinburgh—Geo, B. Merwin, John R. Giddings,
Franklin—Isaac Russell, Kelson Barber, John
Realley Sen.

Bentley, Sen.
Bentley, Sen.
Freedom—Byman Bryant, Henry C. Jenuings.
Garreteeville—Rollin S. Webb, H. N. Merwin
Biram—Richard M. Hank, H. A. Dyson.
Mantus—C. D. Ingell Horace Ladd.
Notson—L. S. Nicholson, George E. Hedger.
Palmyra—LeRoy Thymas, T. W. Thomas, C. N.
Merwin.

Paris—Richard Morris, Michael Jones.

Paris—Richard Morris, Michael Jones.

Randolph—Zopher A. Davis, N. C. Scars.

Ravonna—S. D. Norton, Stewart W. Rec.

Orion P. Sperra.

Rootetown—A. H. Barlow, J. W. Hall.

Shaterscille—Almon L. Tomson, LafayetteSm.

Streetsboro—Wallace Root, C. W. Stuart.

Suffeld—William Paulus, 26. O. Martin

Windham—John B. Harrison, T. O. Angol. SOCIETIES.

Unity Lodge, No. 13, F, and A. M. Meets the second and fourth Mondays of each Tyrian Chapter, No: 91, R. A. M. Meets the third Monday of each month, it Masonic Hall, Phenix Block. M. H. CARTER, M. E. H. P.

Moots first and third Fridays of every month, in Hall in Opera Block.
GIDEON SEYMOUR, Regent.
C.H. GRIFFIN, Soo'y.
I. O. O.F.—Ravenna Lodge, No. 65, Meets every Wednesday evening at Odd Fellows' Hall.

Royal Arcanum.

Ravenna Encampment, No. 129, Meets every 2nd and 4th Fridays of each month. Equity Lodge-No. 47, A. O. U. W. Meets second and fourth Fridays of every month at Hall in Opera Block.
J. DILLEMUTH, M. W.
H. L. OSBORN, Recorder.

CHURCHES. UNIVERSALIST - Rev. ANDREW WILLSON Pastor. Services every Sunday at 10:50 a. m. and 7:80 p. m. Sunday School at 12:5 p. m. Pastor's residence on Diamond street, first door Pastor's residence on Diamond street, first door north of Main.

CONGREGATIONAL — REV. A. M. HILLS, Pastor. Services on Sunday at 10.80 A. M., and :36 P. M. Sunday School at 12:15 P. M. Prayer Meeting on Thursday Evening at 7:30.

METHODIST — REV. N. S. RANDOLPH, Pastor. Services en Sunday at 10:30 A. M., and 7:30 P. M. Sunday School at 12:15 P. M. Prayer Meeting on Thursday Evening at 7:30.

DISCIPLE— REV. M. L. STREATOR, Pastor. Services on Sunday at 10:30 A. M., and 7:30 P. M. Sunday School at 12:15 P. M. Prayer Meeting en Thursday Evening at 7:30.

IMM ACULATE CONCEPTION—CATHOLIC IMM ACULATE CONCEPTION—CATHOLIC .- Egy. Jos. D. Bowles Pastor. Services at 8 and 10 30 cach alternate Sunday. Sunday School at 1:30 r. M. High Mass, Sunday, July 4, and each atternate Sunday thereafter. Mass every week any morning at 7:30.

GRAUE CHURCH—EPISCOPAL—Cedar St. Graud Church & General St. Graud & Rector. Services on

GRACE CHURCH—EPISCOPAL—Cedar St.
Rev. J. W. GILMAN, Rector. Services on
wordry at 10:30 A.M., and Sabbath School imweclately after service. Evening Service at
the usual heur.
CAKWOODCHAPEL—Onkwood street. Rev.
B. A. Bonewell, Pastor Services Sunday evening at 7:39. Union Sunday School at 3 o'clock
p. m. each Sunday.

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P. B. CONANT, A TTORNEY AT LAW, Eavenna, Coffice in Phenix Block, over Richardson J. H. DUSSELL.

A TTORNEY AT LAW, Counsel in sing & Armstrong's Drug Store, Main Street, Ravenna, Ohio.

I. H. PHELPS A TTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW, Frazer's Building, West Main St., J. D.-HORTON.

Attorney and Counsellor at Law, Raven-na, Ohio. Office in Phenix Block, over Sec-ond National Bank. May 5, 1869, 35-1v. W. B. THOMAS. P. B. BUTCHINS. HUTCHINS & THOMAS.

ttorneys at Law, Ravenna, Ohio. Office in Empire Building. Mr. Hutchins will attend at all terms of the Common Pleas and District Courts in Portage County. 41-1y.

I. T. SIDDALL, Attorney at Law. Office in Phenix Block Ravenna, Ohio 479

PETER FLATH. Clothier and Merchant Tailor, Hats, Caps and Furnishing Goods. Poe's Building, Main Street, Ravenna, Ohio. Oct. 15, 1868, Ly.

ROCK WELL & HATFIELD,

Attorneys and Counselors at Law. Office of Seymour's building, north side of Main street, Ravenna, Ohio. 169-16. J. H. NICHOLS.

Attorney at Law and Notary Public. Office in Phenix Block, over Brainerd & Son's Drug November 20, 1872. ROCKWELL & NORRIS, ttorneys at Law and NotaryPublic. Deuel Block, Kent, Ohio, Dec. 10, 1868, 1y.

O. P. SPERRA, Storney at Law. Office over C. E. Poe's Store, Seymour's Building, Rayenna, O. 560

C. D. INGELL, A TTORNEY AT LAW and Notary Public, Office in over Mrs. Smith's Milli-ory Store' Mantua Station, Ohio. 543-tf.

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RINGS LOCKETS. WAIT BROTHERS.

BRADFORD HOWLAND, Attorney and Solicitor of PATENTS. The Bell of Zanora. A SPANISH TALE.

The ruddy sun was setting behind the Murcian bills.

The fields were warmed to splendor and golden flowed the rills.

Across the little valley where lay the Spanish town,
The dying sun's last biessing—a glory floated down.
Amid the fields the peasants drove in the grazing kine,
And faintly esme a tinkling as trudged the
peaceful line.
Upon the height the convent, a ruin old and

Tray,
Towered upward, and its shadow across the
valley lay,
Before the crumbling ruin, prone on the
scented grass,
A boy of twenty summers watched day's bright The lad was there on duty, and oft about him Zanora feared the coming of robber Gomez' Of Gomez, fierce and heartless, the terror of the vale, Whose name made women shudder and bravest men grow pale. Unto the town a rumor that Gomez flerce would come
And sack the peaceful hamlet struck stoutest
hearts all dumb.
The peasants cleaned their firelocks, the women watched, and prayed
The band of robber Gomez upon its path be

stayed. Yet time wore on and scathless still stood the Yet time were on and seathless still stood the little town.
But from the ancient convent a watcher still looked down;
For clear from 'neath its portals each roadway might be scanned.
And there from morn till twilight they watched for Gomez' band.
The old bell of the convent within its tower still hung;
Its rope in curves low dangling seemed waiting to be rung;
For if a sight of Gomez came to the watcher there, He straight would let the old bell with warning

fill the air:
Unto the town a signal to raily fast and stand,
And, ready for the onslaught, beat back the
robber band.
This day was Ruy watcher until the sun hung And then, with watching wearled, he lay and All Necessaries for the Burial of the Dead Furnished on short Notice and on the most Reasonable Terms, Considerate Attention Guaranteed.

And then, with watching wearied, he lay and gazed below,
He saw the home of Carmen, his heart beat quick and warm;
He tried to pierce the doorway and see the fair maid's form,
He watched the smoke that floated above his mother's cot;
To him the plodding cattle seemed each a moving dot.
Faint from the bustling village came murmurs low and deep;
The bells afar did tinkle—the lad lay fast asleep.

Asleep he lay, but not for long—be work a

asleep.
Asleep he lay, but not for long—he woke, a grimy hand
Pressed bis mouth, his wrists were bound, around him Gomez' band!
They dragged him to the conveut; cried Gomez, "Rope this fool!" Then 'neath the rope they placed him upon a kneeling-stool. round his neck so tender the snaky bellrope's fold fastened, and, cried Gomez, "That bell won't soon be tolled! won't soon be tolled!

Come on, lads, there's work below; this fool ain't to be hung,

By the saints, yet hang he will before that bell is rung!"

The robbers laughed and vanished, and Ruy

thought ever stinging-he must his fault atone.

The rope his throat was galling, his corded wrists were numb,
Ruy's burning thoughts alone could freely go and come.

The helpless souls, the bell above, the black band creeping down!

O'er his brow the drops rolled fast—he must arouse the town!

That rope he well remembered his strength had often tried,
And all his weight to move it he knew must And all his weight to move it he know

be applied.

He thought of home and mother, of Carmen sweet and fair,

Then with one sob of anguish he sprang into the air! The robber band was creeping adown the steep With Chieftain Gomez leading the dark exulting line.
"They're ours!" the bandit chuckled; "it's time to make the charge."
And then the robbers halted upon the hill-top's marge. Red Gomez drew his sabre, and then—what was

Bom! bom! the convent toesin! it fairly shook bomi bomi the convent tocsin! it fairly shock the ground.

Bom! bom! pale grew the robbers, yet Gomez cried "Advance!"

Too late, the town was rousing—and lost the bandit's chance.

Some scat'ring shots, the bandits fied o'er the hill-top's crown.
The convent bell tolled fainter—saved was the little town. Straight upward strode the peasants, up to the convent tower;

Before them swings a something—from which
the bravest cower.

Bomi clanged the bell yet fainter, and with
that passing toll

Its dying sob bore upward the hapless Ruy's

They took him down with wailing, and bitter tears were shed. For he who saved Zanors, mute as the bell-was dead! -[W. R. Rose, in Our Continent.

A WOMAN'S FALSEHOOD.

"The afternoon post, if you please, ma'am! Mrs. Caryngton stretched out one languid, jewelled hand for the letters. Then she leaned back in the depths of a great easy-chair, a petite figure in her azure, satin-lined neglige, and read the address on each with drowsy, ennuied eyes. A pretty little piece of pink and white humanity, with fair loose hair. and eyes blue and innocent as a baby's.

She caught her breath with a quick gasp as she turned the last letter uppermost. A harmless-looking letter enough, square, thick, white, addressed in a firm masculine hand to "Miss Vivian Grantley." But Mrs. Caryngton recognized the handwriting with a sudden sharp

pain at her heart. She sat there, quite motionless, hold-ing that fateful letter in one jewelled hand, blind to the chill March sunshine that crept in through the windows in long, shining lances—blind to the wealth and luxury around her-blind o all save the superscription on the envelope she held. This she turned over and over in her white, sparkling hands. She started suddenly, and looked at the bright fire in the grate; then back again to the letter she held, shrank, paused, opened it, and with a face from which every trace of color had faded,

"MY DABLING:—I have heard, with such sorrow for you, how things have changed. But only for a little while, love. Such a princess as mine must not live longer in disguise. I can but send this, asking you to meet me on Thursday at the old trysting-place. After that—oh, my dearest, how exultant I feel as I write the words!—I will never leave my wife sean!"

And the letter was signed "Philip Mrs. Caryngton's hands fell nerveless and trembling, but she read and re-read the earnest words. Then she laughed,

the low, bitter laugh of a desperate woman. "Her lover, and I love him so?" A moment more and the letter, which swayed the destiny of two lives, drifted up the chimney a shrivelled, blackened

Then, snatching up the rest of her correspondence, she passed from the At a door in an upper corridor she paused, turned the handle rapidly and At a table in the centre of the schoolroom sat a slender, black-eyed figure,

with weary head bowed on tired, outstretched arms. "A letter for you, Miss Grantley!" Vivian Grantley sprang to her feet, a great hunger in her wistful, girlish eyes. She caught the missive eagerly, looked at the pretty, womanly super-scription of an old school-friend, and t .at quick flash of hope died out like sum-

mer lightning. "Is this-all?" falteringly. "All!" in dignified surprise. "Certainly, Miss Grantley. "I beg your pardon, Mrs. Caryngton. Of course it was all." Then, as the door closed behind the employer of the fatherless girl, Vivian Grantley sank back with a low moan. "Loyal in prosperity, faithless in ad-

Could she have known of the letter that had lain on Mrs. Caryngton's bou-Next day, by the statue of Archilles Office over the 2nd National Bank, Ra- in Hyde-park, a stalwart, fair-haired

nervous tread. Would she never come?-this beautiful, dark-eyed love of his, Mrs. Caryngton's governess-this girl, whose sudden transition from comparative luxury to bitter poverty had only awakened the dauntless daring, the unswerving resolution underlying her lighter, happier

Hark! was that her step? He leaned forward eagerly, then, though he raised his hat with gentlemanly deference, drew back disappointedly as he caught sight of the elegantlyattired young figure of his widowed neighbor, Mrs. Caryngton. "Mr. Deane!" in sudden surprise,

had made perfect, and holding out a Titama-like hand, exquisitely gloved. "Yes, though I scarcely expected to have the pleasure of meeting Mrs. Caryngton. I had made an appoint-

with one of the coy blushes that practice

"Indeed!" with charming sympathy.
"Gentlemen are so frightfully opposed to punctuality!" "But my appointment was not with a gentleman. I—I may as well tell you

how it is, Mrs. Caryngton, as we are such old friends." Mrs. Caryngton slightly winced. "As Miss Grantley is a resident of your house at present, you of course know how sudden and totally unexpected was the death of her father, three months ago. I was engaged to Miss Grantley, but the very day of the sad affair, ignorant of the calamity, I left England. Arriving in London again only a few days ago, I learned all, and wrote to Vivian, requesting a meeting here to-day. She has not come. Pardon my troubling you with these personal details; but," with quick anxiety, "could there have been any mistake? Mrs. Caryngton, do you know if a letter came for Miss Grantley yes-She had been looking at him all this

while with sympathetic blue eyes and face, in which the searching March sunshine could find no flaw. "Yesterday? Let me think." A meditative droop of the head, and one faultlessly-gloved index finger laid

on the babyish, rosy lips.
"Oh, yes," looking up suddenly,
"there was a letter for Miss Grantley yesterday-square, white. I took it to her myself." "Did she read it?" he asked, breath-"Yes. Tore it open, glanced through it, laughed a little, and flung it on the

He clenched his hands tightly together in all the anguish of a man's dead hope.
"Oh, Mr. Deane," in pretty, tearful distress, "what have I said?" Perhaps it was not your letter. I am so sorry. "Thank you, Mrs. Caryngton, for the shock which probably my conceit deserved. But," with a bitter laugh, "I own I did not think a woman co

He held out his hand with a careless. friendly gesture that stung her; for friendship is, perhaps, the worst enemy real love has. For the first time, she whitened to the very lips. Under all the glittering sham and tinsel of her life lay a love as true

loval for three short months. Good-

as natures like hers are capable of feeling, and that for the man before her. "Au revoir, is it not?" "No, it is adieu. I am going away." She was playing for high stakes. Was she losing? One more venture.
"Mr. Deane," leaving her little, grey hand in his, speaking with shyest, trembling confusion, "I am sorry for what I have said—sorrier still for what I feel obliged to say. For," lifting her troubled blue eyes to his anguished

grey ones, "it will be a cruel kindness." "Go on!" "Well," faltering just a little, and effectively drooping long, golden lashes,
- "since Miss Grantley accepted my proffered position as governess to my little girl, a-a gentleman has been at the house almost constantly, and-oh, Mr. Deane, how I shrink from doing

you this harsh favor!-- "she seems to like and---" "Stop!" he cried, hoarsely. "Miss Grantley is privileged to choose her own friends. I cannot listen to this. You mean well, but-forgive me-good-

Her poisoned arrows had gone home But none the less terrible is the deathstab if the hand which plunged the dagger was small, and jewelled, and fair!

Three years later. Such a crowd as blocked Grosvenor Place had not been seen for many months. For to-night that brilliant little Parisienne and society pet, Madame de Vivarol, gave a ball.

Carriages rolled up to her door in an endless string. Ladies, stepping daintily out on the carpeted, canopied pavement, swept up wide, marble steps, and into a very bower of bloom and beauty -into the softened radiance of many lights, the tremulous crashing of master-music, the fragrance and glow of tropical flowers.

Many, outside the fairy-land of mighty Midas, and participating in this event of the season only through the newspapers, wondered, with a vague surprise, why their "little affairs" did not go off They forgot that very seldom do the wheels of artistic taste run smooth-

wealth. Within, the graceful little hostess flitted here and there, laughing, chattering, bewildering; ready ever with a flash of repartee, the diamond-like sparkle of wit, the latest mot!

ly, unless bound by the magic tires of

She dropped her cavalier's arm with quick lighting of black eyes, as a girl came towards her down the long-waxed

"Ah, Mademoiselle Grantley, you here? And you too, mon ami? Vivian, a radiant, girlish vision, all pale rose-satin and foamy lace, laughed and bowed as the vivacious little Frenchwoman chattered on with her pretty foreign accent. "And you do look so-so beautiful!"

Yes, rarely beautiful, with those large, dark, lustrous eyes ashine, that drift of carnation in the oval cheeks. Changed somewhat since we saw her three years ago-a little more womanly, but infinitely more charming.
Sitting there, in the balcony, with the

silvery gardens before her, and the delicious, dreamy wail of Strauss' waltz floating to her ears, she fell to dreaming She lived over again the time when she found herself penniless and an or-phan. When, with obstinate pride, declining the home which her then unknown uncle had offered her, she had

taken a position as Mrs. Caryngton's

governess, a position she had resigned

ere long, to reign an honored queen over her uncle's home. But Philip Deane? "Oh, he was a true lover!" she said, bitterly. "No word, not one, in three long years, and I-shame upon my womanhood!-love him still!" She leaned her head against the case ment with a little, tired sigh.

a woman forgetfulness! Hark! What was that? A step on the gravelled walk below; a light leap on the balcony; and thenthen Vivian sprang to her feet, with a shaking of her breath, a sudden, rapturous lighting of her eyes, and looked full in the handsome, haggard face of Philip

man paced up and down with quick, Deane. The moonlight fell full on his face, worn, white, but lighted now with that love, which is the master-key of a

"Vivian!" with outstretched hands. The old, familiar voice almost unnerved her. Shuddering, she called back her woman's pride, and shrank back a little into the semi-dusk room. "Miss Grantley, if you please, Mr. "Vivian still!" leaning eagerly forward, and speaking in quick, hourse

tones. "Perhaps—perhaps it was not true. Vivian, for the sake of the old times, when your love was wholly mine. tell me why you were so cruel-why did you not answer my letter?" "What letter?" "What letter! Vivian,"-he had sprung over the low window-sill, and was standing beside her now-"did you not get

my letter? Did you not throw me over for another? Mrs. Caryngton told me there was a favored lover. "When?" "Three years ago this March." "Mrs. Caryngton spoke falsely. She knew then, as well as now, that Harcourt Bradly was my uncle. Philip, tell

And he told her all, while statue-like she listened. Then they both guessed the miserable truth. "Philip-listen!"

She nestled closer to his side as the sound of laughing voices neared the purple portiere. "So dear Vivian is really here. I am so anxious to see her- Oh!" A woman's shrill, surprised scream. For staring at the figures in the moon-light, stood Mrs. Caryngton. She re-covered herself, and came smilingly for-

"Such a surprise, dear Mr. Deane, I

But Philip did not see the outstretched hand. He bowed coldly.
"We have just been talking, Mrs. Caryngton, of your curious mistake of three years ago. Vivian, dear, there goes our old favorite, The Blue Danube.' My darling, can you resist?"

And bowing slightly to the woman who had played for and lost high stakes,

they passed to the ball-room. And in her lover's shielding arms, while "over the midnight came stealing the morn," Vivian forgot how nearly love and life were wrecked by one woman's falsehood.

Harmony in Human Life. Our surroundings should be harmoni-ous with our life. It is not necessary to

sound the same notes to produce harmony. The word implies blending, but it almost forbids repetition. Nature is the great teacher. Her means and ends are consistent with each other. Nature understands too well the art of harmony to attempt impossibilities. She is al ways up to the mark, but she does not overstep herself. Where the soil will not grow lilies and roses, she contents she will always cover man's mistakes with a carefully spun shroud. It is to learn this lesson more perfectly that in later life we are drawn away from man-kind to live with Nature. A fuller to wear. He looked up in a weary growth takes place when we feel ourselves in unison with all we see, and intercourse with Nature restores in us the balance that human conflict has destroyed. Life in great cities is inimical gin out." to harmony. The clash of interests is too fierce, and those who live much in great centres of human effort cannot sustain the sense of harmony, unless they come away for a time. The form and manner of modern society increase the difficulty. The multitude of ac-quaintances, and the little time given to each, make intercourse necessarily brok-

en and unharmonious. Conversation takes the form of epigram, and each sentence must be cast into such a form as not necessarily to demand a second for its completion. By degrees, our thoughts follow our words, and each opinion becomes rounded and finished off to fit into each question that may arise. Nothing can be viewed as a whole—we are too near to its details.— So near are we in great cities that it is almost impossible not to take each detail for the whole. Then arises irritation, from the sense of the unfitness of each separate opinion expressed to bear the structure of our whole line of thought. We have uttered an epigram, but we have not stated our judgment as it really is. To do that requires time and opportunity, which society, neglectful of the individual in its care for the whole, cannot afford to any one of its members. The utterance, unfathered and without offspring, must stand or fall by itself, while we may be thankful if we are not through it labeled and placed in a pigeon-hole to which we are

as foreign as a dove to a hawk's nest .-Then it is that we fall back for consolation upon ourselves as a whole .- London Spectator. Self-Respect Drunkenness. Tom Corwin said to Don Piatt one day after a stylish dinner: "Is it not singular D., that one never realizes the pernicious effect of hot rooms, wines and viands until one encounters the pure air of heaven? I left that room sober as a Justice of the Supreme Court. I got a few breathfuls of pure air and I am affected by it. A man, my boy, never feels so much like moralizing as after an indulgence, when his stomach is full of good food and his veins are fired with generous wines. This drinking is a vile thing. It is an indulgence that gives less pleasure and is followed by a heavier penalty than any other poor, fallen human nature is subject to. Take away the lights, the laughter, the flowers and food, the flow of wit and the flashes of thought, and what can we credit to the wine?-a sense of having made a beast of one's self, punctuated by a headache. Take my advice, my boy, and never get drunk. There is no good in it and much evil. It fills our jails, poorhouses and shameful graves. It feeds the gallows and beggars wives and children. Never drink; but if you do-now mark my advice (take it into your memory as something precious from a friend)-if you must get drunk get drunk among gentle-

men. You will have a headache all the same, but you will retain your self-respect. He Never Sacrificed Principles for Policy. Gus Do Smith was sitting in a restaurant, with a large bottle of champagne before him, when his landlord happened to come in and see him.
"That's a pretty how-do-you-dop" ex-

claimed the exasperated creditor. "Here

you are drinking wine, and in spite of all I can do I can't get you to pay me what you owe." "You alone are to blame for this extravagance on my part," replied Gus, pouring out a glass, which he did not offer to his creditor. "I am to blame for your drinking champagne!" exclaimed the astonished

"Certainly you are. You bother me so much by running after me every day with that little bill of yours, that I have to drink champagne to make me bold enough to stand you off. But for the wine I should have paid you long ago."
"I should think you would find it No wealth, no change, can ever bring cheaper to pay me than to pay so much for wine."

Boys in Germany.

Consul Flynn writes from Chemnitz, Saxony: If the German boys do not cut up the pranks and perform the tricks of their American cousins, they enjoy them-selves in a way that is entirely satisfactory to themselves. They have, during the summer months, in all large towns and cities, large swimming baths, constructed like those in Chicago, where they flock in large numbers in the evenings and on Sundays. They can have all the fun of this kind they want, including clean towels and neat dressingrooms, for about five American cents. Then gymnasiums and museums are well patronized. It is a rare thing to find a Saxon youngster who cannot per-form on the horizontal bar, on the rings, or on the flying trapeze, feats that would be creditable to a professional athlete. The boys are generally well developed, muscular and agile, and good health seems to take a fancy to

In disposition they are as amiable as girls—more amiable than some girls.— Their manners are pleasing. They are polite and accommodating. They do not swear, "chaw" nor smoke. Fist fighting is not to their liking, and vulgarity is unknown among them. They are sedate, quiet, peaceable and goodnatured at all times, while in the pres-ence of their elders they observe with astonishing precision and wonderful ity stimulated him to act and speak so udgment the laws and regulations laid

down for their guldance at home and in the schools. The work which the small boy is called upon to do in America is done here generally by girls or full-grown men. There are no telegraph boys. All dispatches are delivered by men in uniform. There are no cash-boys, girls generally filling such positions. Boys are not called upon to run errands for the public. Able-bodied men in uniform, large enough to be trusted with valuable packages, stand at every corner and are ready to come at your beck or call. The newspapers are carried and sold by men. There are no newsboys. No idle boys are seen on the streets. -When they are not at school they are learning a trade, and after business hours they generally betake themselves to some place where they can exercise themselves, or they study their lessons

so as to be prepared for the early mornng class. There are no street Arabs in any of the German cities-no ragged urchins, no Artful Dodgers, and no "wipe-nippers." There are no sooty-faced, blasphemous bootblacks. In a word, the American small boy, of high or low degree, would find his occupation gone, whatever it might be, if he emigrated to Germany. He would pine away and die of a broken heart.—Chicago News.

The Man Who Lived On. Riding along the highway between Eufaula and Union Springs I came upon herself with daisies, but left to herself. a native Alabamian seated on a log by the roadside. He was a perfect picture of "all broke up." He looked sick, his clothes were ragged, and he was bareway as I halted, and when I asked about the road he shook his head and

replied: 'Don't bother me, stranger-I'm clean "What's the trouble?"

"Oh, everything—everything. I've had sickness and losses and lawsuits and tribulations till my sand is all gone. I came out here to die all by myself and I'm expecting every minnit to hear the toot of the horn.' "That's too bad." "Yes, it's bad. The old woman she'll have to peg along alone, and the chil-dren will have to dig out or starve, and some other man will wollop my old mule and kick my dog. It's bad,

mule and kick my dog. It's bad, bad, but I've got to go. They'll find my dead body out here and plant it in some swamp, and that'll be the last of "Can't I help you any way?" "Stranger, are ye bluffing?"

"Really mean it?"

fur a raft?"

"Then put yer hand right thar" an' Them's the first kind words oneeze! I've heard in twenty y'ars. Patch my hide if I don't feel like living three months longer!" "Have a plug of tobacco?"
"Will I? Will a drowning man holler

He took the plug and tore away a quarter of it at one bite, and as the taste began to come he cried out: Stranger, it's a heap better than going to Heaven! Yum! yum! Why, I really believe I'll live till cotton comes

"And here's some brandy which I carry to use in the water down here .-Won't you take a pull?" "Won't I? Stranger, that's too good, and I can't believe it. I haven't tasted brandy since Lee surrendered."

He took the flask and pulled away until half the contents had disappeared, and as he banded it back his eves began

to shine, his hair pushed his old hat off,

and he cracked his beels together and exclaimed: "Stranger, I'm going to live—going to live all summer—all winter—all next year! I'm a new man—I'm right up to the mark again-and I'll go home give the family to understand that dad's on deck and good for seventy-five years yet! Whoop! If you hadn't been so powerfully kind to me I'd bet my old hat again a cent that I could lick you in two minits!"-Detroit Free Press.

A Bonanza in Potatoes. The potato harvest is over in the South, and it has been a big and profit-

able one. A Southeastern Virginia correspondent says: "That man," marked General Roberts, pointing out a man in the crowd, "sold \$80,000 worth of Irish potatoes this year, every one of which he raised on his own place." That sounds incredible, and yet it is true. The man alluded to was Ambrose Lindsay, who lives on the coast, near the Carolina line. Of this enormous crop I have no doubt \$50,000 was clear money. Sol Haas told me of a man at Norfolk who cleared \$35,000 on raising potatoes this year, and paid off a debt that had accumulated in business and threatened to ruin him. This is the best year for potatoes ever known. The last crop was short and poor, and there was no stock to start the with. The high price of meat and bread increased the consumption of potatoes and the heavy crop of this year was taken at high figures. Potatoes that dragged at \$2 a barrel in New York last year brought \$6.50 a barrel on the Carolina coast this year.

An Inheritance of Fame. Several sons of famous fathers are living on their parentage in London.

All the Year Around is still "conducted up he was only fooling her, and offered up her was only fooling her, and offered up her was only fooling her, and offered up he was only fooling her, and offered up her was only fooling her was only fo living on their parentage in London. by Charles Dickens." This magazine was the dead Dickens' personal property, and was left to the present Charles Dickens with the proviso that the name cigars. Heaven will have to be repaired at the head of its ed and whitewashed before it is fit for should be placed at the head of its pages. Douglas Jerrold was the editor of Lloyd's Weekly News, and when he died the proprietors continued the family name by putting in the line 'Edited collar is almost melted, and you want by Blanchard Jerrold.' The editing is to get cooled off, don't go and give 15 "It would be cheaper, a great deal said to consist in the drawing of a salary. Fun is nominally edited by Tom Hood, a son of Thomas Hood, the farmatch. Then a breeze will start up." cheaper, but I never sacrifice principle for policy. It is against my principles to use money to pay debts with."—Texmous humorist A14 .e.

Awed. Several years ago, Miss Bird, the English lady whose fourneyings by sea and land have made her name a household word, was travelling in Colorado, and stopped at the cabin of "Mountain Jim,"

a notorious desperado. She saw a broad, thick-set man, about the middle height, with an old cap on his head and wearing a grey huntingsuit, much the worse for use. His manner was that of a gentleman, and he spoke with a refined accent and

in elegant language. "You are not an American," he said, as she rode away. "I know from your voice that you are a countrywoman of mine. I hope you will allow me the pleasure of calling on you." A few days later, he called to guide

Miss Bird up to Long's Peak, the American Matterhorn. The ride was a series of glorious surprises, not the least of which were the culture and the love of nature shown by Mountain Jim. "Treat Jim as a gentleman and you'll find him one," she had been told on set-

ting out, and his manners verified the That night, as they were in camp, sitting about a huge log fire, the man's kindness came out. "Ring," he said to his dog, as if he was speaking to a man, "go to that lady and don't leave her again to-night."
But Miss Bird also saw that his van-

as to sustain his reputation as a desper-ado. The Colorado newspaper kept "Mountain Jim" always before the public, and he enjoyed reading the paragraphs One night, as the presence of wild animals made it impossible to sleep, he told her stories of his early youth and of the great sorrow which led him to begin a lawless life. His voice trembled

and tears rolled down his cheeks. His dark soul seemed stirred to remorse by the light of other days.

It was a painful spectacle to the English lady. His magnificent head showed the better possibilities which might have been realized. His chivalrous manner to women indicated the natural

Yet there he sat by the camp-fire among the Sierras, a ruffian, whose life had been ruined and wasted. "What good," she thought, "can the future have in store for this desperado who so long has said to evil, be thou my good!"

The next morning day dawned long before the sun rose. The Englishwoman sat looking at the pure lemon-col-

ored atmosphere, "Ring" by her side, when one of the party called to her to

come farther down the slope: "Jim says he has never seen such a sunrise.' She went. Looking up to Long's Peak, it seemed cold and gray. The everlasting snows, the silvered pines, the Plains also, appeared chilling in the blue-gray light. A dazzling streak shone in the east, and suddenly the sun gain five pounds of flesh per week." se above the gray horizon, as full of light and glory as when first created. The gray changed to purple, sky blushed in one rose-red flush. The The cold peaks glistened like rubies. The Plains appeared, in their limitless expanse, as if the Creator's hand had just

rolled them out. Mountain Jim, reverently uncovering his head, exclaimed in a low, tender voice, - "I believe there is a God!" Alas for Mountain Jim! awe, even when inspired by the Creator's works, is not the repentance which begets a new life.

"If you want to know " he said on

day to Miss Bird, when she tried to lead him to a better life, "how nearly a man can become a devil, I'll tell you." Then he told her the sad story of runaway boy, living the reckless life of a drunken ruffian. She urged him as the first step to amendment to give up "I cannot," he said sadly. "It binds

me hand and foot. I cannot give up the only pleasure I have." She plead with him, but he exclaimed in tones of despair,-"Too late! too late! It might have been once, but now it is too late for me

An Angel Unalloyed The best natured woman in the United States lives in Austin. She has been married a number of years to a man named Ferguson, but she and her husband have never had a quarrel yet, and he has frequently boasted that it was utterly impossible to make her angry. Ferguson made several desperate attempts to see if he could not exasperate

her to look cross or scowl at him, mere-

ly to gratify his curiosity, but the more

outrageous he acted, the more affable and loving she behaved. Last week he was talking with friend about what a hard time he had trying to find out if his wife had a tem-The friend offered to bet that if Ferguson were to go home drunk, raise a row and pull the tablecloth full of dishes off the table, she would show some signs of annoyance. Ferguson said he didn't want to rob a friend of his money, for he knew he would win; but they at last made a bet of \$50, the friend to hide in the front yard and watch the proceedings of the convention through the window.

parently, fighting drunk. She met him at the gate, kissed him, and assisted his tottering steps to the house. He sat down in the middle of the floor, and howled out: "Confound yer ugly picture, what did you mean by pulling that chair from

Ferguson came home late, and, ap-

"O, I hope you did not hurt yourself. It is my awkwardness, but I'll try and not do it again," and helped him to his feet, although she had nothing in the world to do with his falling. He then sat down on the sofa, and, sliding off on the floor, abused her like a pickpocket for lifting up the other end of the sofa, all of which she took good naturedly, and finally she led him to the supper table. He threw a plate at her, but she acted as if she had not noticed it, and asked him if he would take

tea or coffee. Then the brute seized the table cloth and sat down on the floor, pulling the dishes and everything else over with him, in one grand crash.

What did this noble woman do? Do

you suppose she grumbled and talked

about going home to her ma, or that

she sat down and cried like a fool, or that she sulked and pouted? Not a bit of it. With a pleasant smile she said:
"Why, George, that's a new idea,
isn't it? We have been married ten years and have never yet ate our supper on the floor. Won't it be fun-just ike those picnics we used to go to before we got married?" and then this angelic woman deliberately sat down on the floor along side of the wretch, arranged the dishes and fixed him a

to give her the \$50 to get herself a new hat, but she took the money and bought him a new suit of clothes and a box of that kind of a woman. - Galveston News. If you are roasting so hard that your collar is almost melted, and you want

Puck.

Six months, in advance.....

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THE DEMOCRATIC PRESS

PUBLISHED EACH THURSDAY, BY

S. D. HARRIS & SON:

TERMS.

If not paid in advance, 900

Entered at the Post-office at Ravenna Ohio

A Weather Compass. For many years we have had the "weather-glass" as a foreteller of the weather that is approaching, but the or-dinary barometer of itself only gives the atmospheric pressure, and it is well known that this factor, unless taken into account with the degree of moisture in the atmosphere and the direction of the wind, is not a trustworthy guide.-The quantity of water in the air which can be condensed into rain, and whether the wind is a cold and dry northerly wind, or a moist southerly wind, are also important factors in the problem. A good weather indicator ought therefore o combine all these observations, and this has been very ingeniously done by Professor Klinkerfues, of Gottingen, in his newly-invented "weather compass," which takes its name from its external likeness to a mariner's magnetic compass. The weather compass gives in a very simple manner a prognostication of the weather to be expected within the next twelve or twenty-four hours, and as its warnings are said to prove true in a majority of cases, it is likely to be a useful adjunct to the farmer and a convenience to almost everybody. It consists of an aneroid barometer, which indicates the pressure of the atmosphere by means of a pointer on a dial; [but the pointer is also connected to a hair ydromeer for indicating the humidity the atmosphere, and the connection so made that a rise of barometer attended by a decrease of humidity, both of which imply fair weather, combine to move needle or pointer in the same direction—namely, that of fair weather. On the other hand, if the rise of baronests is attended by increase of particular tendence of the content o meter is attended by increase of moist-ure, the pointer is subject to the opposing forces of the aneroid and the hair hydrometer. The direction of the wind is also made to have a bearing on the position of the pointer and the indication of the dial, but this bearing of course

depends to some extent on the locality.

-London Globe. A Happy Neighborhood.
"Mr. Jones," began Smith the other morning as they met at the corner to wait for the car, "is it positively necessary that your son must play the ac-

cordion until midnight for six nights a week P" "Not at all, Mr. Smith," was the prompt reply. "Not any more necessary than it is for your daughter and her beaux to sit on the front steps seven nights per week and keep us awake un-

"My daughter, sir, has a perfect right to have a beau!" "And my son, sir, has a legal right "Gentlemen," began Mr. Thomas, as he came up, "I don't want to offend you, for we are all neighbors, but if you. Mr. Jones, would clean out your alley, and you, Mr. Smith, would poison your the rear platform of the car for which they had waited, "I've been wanting to see you for a week past. Your confounded old horse stands and stamps all night

long, and none of us can get a wink of sleep. Just for a change, and to be neighborly, suppose you knock him on the head with an ax!"

Nature's Photography.

Miss Delia Moncrieff, of Boston, an elocutionist, has experienced something remarkable with a lightning bolt. She is visiting in North Framingham, and while a heavy thunder shower was passing, was sitting with others on the piaz-za of Postmaster Williams' house, which was struck by lightning. She felt no shock, but now she finds that on her back is burned or stamped by lightning a perfect representation of the large elm tree which stands within a few feet of Mr. Williams' piazza, and very near which she was sitting at the time. Two children of the family were affected by the same bolt, and one of them render-

ed senseless. The tree was not injured at all -Boston Herald.

A Monster Sky-Scraper. The all-absorbing topic on the streets at Brockport, N. Y., is that of Dr. Beebee's kite. A few weeks ago the Doctor told the boys of a kite he made in Madison county. The story was large and those who heard it doubted the Doctor's veracity, but the Doctor, in order to keep his credit good, told a couple of young lawyers that he would make another, if they would furnish the string, to which they agreed. The kite was made, and the string, which was a coil of three-eighths rope, nearly 5,000 feet in length, was ordered, and sent from Rochester. The rope and kite were taken out on South avenue, and, to the astonishment of the hun-

dreds of spectators, the monster shot into the air like a balloon.

The frame was made of lumber two inches wide, by half an inch thick, and was covered with manilla paper. The surface contained nearly 250 square feet. After the monster had floated a mile high for a couple of hours, the problem of getting it down was next in rder, and was not accomplished until Mr. Cary brought a pulley and team and hauled it down. -Rochester Express.

Measurements of the Great Lakes. The following measurements of the great lakes have been taken by government surveyors: The greatest length of Lake Superior is 335 miles; its greatest breadth is 160 miles; mean depth, 688 feet; elevation, 827 feet; area, 82,-000 square miles. The greatest length of Lake Michigan is 300 miles; its greatest breadth, 108 miles; mean depth, 690 feet; elevation, 506 feet; area, 23,000 square miles. The greatest length of Lake Huron is 800 milles; its greatest est breadth is 60 miles; mean depth, 600 feet; elevation, 274 feet; area, 20,000 square miles. The greatest length of Lake Erie is 250 miles; its greatest breadth is 80 miles; its mean depth is 84 feet; elevation, 261 feet; area, 6,000 square miles. The greatest length of Lake Ontario is 180 miles; its greatest breadth 65 miles; its mean depth is 500 feet; elevation, 261 feet; area, 6,000 square miles.

Bosses too Slow for the Funeral. Judge Wylie, who is trying the star-route swindlers, had his little joke about the newspapers the other day. He intimated that they had been trying the case. "I don't know what progress the newspapers have made; may be they have found a verdict," said the judge. They should have—long ago—not hav-ing been hindered by technicalities of long-winded lawyers. The late Col Isaac O. Barnes once attended the funeral of a deceased friend. The exercises were long and tedious. While they were dragging along Col. Barnet turned to a stranger near him, and whispered: "Did you know — (the deceased)?" "Very well," was the reply. "He was a mighty prompt man," continued the colonel; "if he had been bossing this funeral the corpse would have been to the ground an hour ago."

Champagne was discovered by a monk named Don Perignon, away back in 1798, who hit upon the idea of marrying the product of one vineyard to another, a process still followed in the making of the wine. The monk also introduced the use of the cork as bottle stodpers instead of bits of flax dipped in oil, as had been the custom.